

CHERAW, S. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1836.

The facility with which mobs are raised here excites belief. An omnibus is locked for a moment in the wheels of another—and five or six hundred persons are gathered around it at once. A man slips and falls into the gutter. One or two pick him out—four or five run to see if he's hurt—twenty more collect to see what is the matter, and a hundred crowd round to see what the others are doing—and the side walk and street is at once blockaded. A day or two since, a little dirty nosed brat of a boy dropped a penny (cents are called pennies here) into the gutter, where the water was a few inches deep. He began to paddle for it with his sleeve drawn to his shoulder. Two or three boys collected around him, and also began to search. A ragged beggar learning the loss, also poked his long arm into the puddle, whether in charity to the boy or himself, we leave the benevolent reader to determine. Passers by attracted, stopped to enquire—others stopped to see what the last were interested in—and in less than two minutes after the loss of the penny, the sidewalk was completely obstructed by a curious multitude, all stretching their necks, a tip-toe and eagerly inquiring what was the